Copyrighted, 1907, by Jessie Morgan.

"Do you know," said Porter, with the air of a person who makes a great discovery, "I think I ought to get mar-

For a moment Eda Kirby's heart stopped beating, but Porter continued in his easy, placid tones:

"You see, I am pretty comfortably fixed now, and it is high time I looked about me. I think I shall take a vacation and go to the mountains. I ought to find some one up there who should suit me well enough to be Mrs. Porter. And so I won't be around again. I leave tomorrow night."

He rose heavily to his feet, and Eda sprang to get his hat, forcing to her lips the smile that masked but poorly the quivering of her mouth. For three years she had loved John Porter. For nearly that length of time she had

thought also at he loved her.
"Goodby no good luck," she said as be passed through the door. "You will let me know when your quest has suc-

ceeded, won't you?" "To be sure," he agreed. "Take care of yourself and don't get sick."

He patted the slender hand that still lay within his own and turned to the stairs Eda watched him past the next landing and then stepped into the apartment that had been her home ever since she had been forced to become a wage earner.

It was a tiny enough place, four small rooms opening off a hall the size of a soap box, but it was neat and homelike, and Porter loved to spend



THEN CAME THE TELEGRAM.

his evenings there when other distractions did not offer. He was always certain of finding Eda home and as regularly in good humor. He could not know at what cost she recruited at times her dagging energy that he might not see how hard the struggle was for

Now the cheery place seemed dark and lonesome, and, with a sobbing cry, she threw herself upon the sofa and gave vent to the grief within her soul. John Porter had never been a demonstrative man, but she had not dreamed that his calls were merely because be liked to spend a restful evening in her homelike apartment.

Now he had gone in search of a wife, and she should lead her life alone. Long ago the time for making new friends had passed.

Somehow during the next two weeks she managed to keep up her work while always the dull ache was in her heart and the soft color faded from her cheeks and the slender hands became more slender. Porter had not written. He never was much of a hand at letter writing, and she did not even know where he had gone. Then came the telegram that seemed to wring her heart afresh,

"Have discovered her," it ran, "Will be home this evening and will call to tell you about it."

So his quest had been successful. Eda signed the book and stood staring after the departing messenger, wondering what impulse had led her to tip the lad a quarter for bringing her bad news. Womanlike, she seldom tipped, but some impulse had led her to give the boy the money, and even in the first new access of her grief she had wondered at her liberality,

Late in the afternoon Eda roused herself to make the little flat presentable. It would probably be the last time that Porter would ever come. She could not receive calls from an engaged man. She wanted him to remember the place at its best,

It was a very inviting room that Porter entered that evening. 'The Morrls chair was drawn close to the window, and his ash tray was beside it on the taboret. The shaded lamp sent out a soft glow that did not suggest heat, as did the gas, and Eda in her daintiest gown sat by the other window. Porter looked about him with

"This seems like home," he sighed, "only I want a bigger place, this is so tiny. It's different from a hotel room even at a hotel where you are supposed to get the best. They can't make the rooms seem bomelike."

"Where dld you go?" she asked. "All over," be replied, with a laugh.

"Surely you did not expect to find your ideal on the porch of the first place you registered," she suggested. "What is worth having is worth looking for."

"Don't I knew?" he admitted. "The trouble is that you don't have to look hard enough sometimes. Then you are apt not to see it. I went to Glenville first. They have the athletic girl there. There was a golf tournament on, and every girl was walking about with a lot of sticks. Some of them were for hitting the ball, and the rest they called men, though they were mostly pretty poor apologies."

ninded. Porter shook his head.

"I think," he said slowly, "that could catalogue every variety of summer girl there is, and there are lots of them-about as many sorts of summer girls as there are girls," "And which kind did you select?"

she asked quietly. "I went from there to Ridge Park," he went on, ignoring her question. There was no golf there. It was mostly horseback riding. The women were rather more attractive, but I

didn't like them, and I hit out for the "And there you found a mermaid?" Her voice was light, but she gripped the arms of her chair nervously. She wanted to hear the worst at once. She wanted to get it over with. Then she could congratulate him, and he would

go away and leave her alone. "She's not a mermaid," he answered. 'Somehow I never did fancy mermaids. They are rather moist companions, and, being part fish, they are apt to be cold blooded creatures. I did not find her on the shore. I found her up in my own room one night."

"In your room? Not a chamber mald?" cried Eda in horror. Porter laughed. There was a boyish ring to the laugh that she had never

heard before. "She is not a chambermaid," he as sured gravely. "I was all alone. It was one of those hot nights that come late in the season. I could not sleep, so I lighted a cigar and sat by the win dow watching the sea."

"Moonlight and solitude are danger ous," she reminded.

"Not always," he demurred. "I got to thinking over all the girls I had seen. There were girls all the way from sixteen to sixty-girls to suit every taste but mine. Then I got to thinking of how cool and pleasant it must be in these rooms of yours. Somehow you always manage to keep them cool and shady. Then I looked about the room I was sitting in and got homesick for this."

"Or a home of your own like it," she "That's It," he explained. "A home of my own like it instead of my bach elor apartments. Then all of a sudden

realized a great truth, and I found out what I wanted." He waited for her query, but Eda was looking out across the green of the back yards, gleaming with a touch of silver in the moonlight. She did not

turn her head as he rose and came toward her chair. "I realized that it was you I had wanted all along," he said. "None of them was like you, and so none suit-We had been friends for so long that I did not realize how I loved you until I got away from you and missed

"I'm only a stupid, blundering man, Eda. I am more stupid even than most I have no right to expect that after all these years you will forgive ny denseness, but don't you think that on can learn to love me, dear?"

"I knew that it was right to give that boy the money," she murmured. Porter puzzled at the words, but she drew his field down againand he did not care. He had found Mrs. Porter, and that was all sufficient.

Handshakes.

Says Sydney Smith: On meeting a oung lady who had just entered the garden and shaking hands with her, 'I must." I said, "give you a lesson in shaking hands, I see. There is nothng more characteristic than shakes of the hand. I have classified them. Lister, when he was here, illustrated ome of them. Ask Mrs. Sydney to show you his sketches of them when you go in.

"There is the high official-the body erect and a rapid, short shake near the chin. There is the mortmain-the flat hand introduced into your palm and hardly conscious of its contiguity; the ligital - one finger held out, much used by the high clergy. There is the shaken rusticus, where your hand is seized in an iron grasp, betokening rude bealth, warm beart and distance from the metropolis, but producing a strong sense of relief on your part when you find your hand released and your fingers unbroken.

"The next to this is the retentive shake-one which, beginning with vigor, pauses, as it were, to take breath, but without relinquishing its prey, and before you are aware begins again, till you feel anxious as to the result and have no shake left in you. There are other varieties, but this is nough for one lesson."

Holding His Own.

Scattered through the pine clad nountains of California live some grizzly old miners whose dry wit is often amusing. After many years' absence a ertain gentleman returned to the little countain town that had been his sirtliplace. The first person be met was an old miner who had known him

"Howdy, Tom?" he said as he shook ands. "How've you been getting along all these years?"

The old fellow shifted his guid of obacco, spat into the dust then said the habitual drawl, "Waal, I didn't have a darn cent when I come here forty year ago, an' I'm holdin' my own." -Judge Library.

Not Posted.

"Hands up!" said the footpad. "And if I refuse?" queried the pelated pedestrian.

"Well, in that case," resumed the footpad, "I can only say that you don't know the rules of the game. I decline to negotiate with one so grossly ignorant. Good night, sir." -Philadelphia Ledger.

Not Appreciated. "Do you keep anything from your

wife? "Well," answered Mr. Meekton, I try to tell her everything. But she finds my conversation so dull that she generally goes to sleep before I am half through."-Washing-

ton Star.

Thwarted. The airship inventor was puzzled "If I could manage to apply the hot air I talk about my machine to the machine itself I'd fly, all right,"

he added. But he couldn't,-Brooklyn Life.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY

Dr. Cook's Experiment. recent announcement that Dr. Frederick A. Cook, expert in both arctic and antarctic exploration, was safely housed at Etah, in Greenland, 650 mlles from the north pole, was received with surprise in scientific circles, as it was not generally known that he contemplated a journey to the

Dr. Cook, accompanied by John R. Bradley, Captain Thomas Bartlett and a number of Eskimos, left North Syd ney, N. S., early in July on the American auxiliary schooner yacht John R Bradley, which landed the party at



Smith's sound. Mr. Bradley returned to North Sydney on the yacht on Oct. The expedition is provisioned for two years and fully equipped with dogs and sledges for the trip. The party is wintering thirty miles farther north than Peary did two years ago. The expedition is financed by Mr. Bradley.

Dr. Cook is a veteran polar traveler. having been employed on the Peary expedition of 1891-92 and also on the Belgian antarctic expedition of 1897-99. Last year he succeeded in climbing Mount McKinley, Alaska, a feat previously regarded by expert mountain climbers as impossible,

Subtle Flattery.

Mrs. I. L. Rice, the president of the New York Society For the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise, was complimented on the liner Adriatic on the work her society has accomplished.

"Ah," said Mrs. Rice, "I fear you flatter me. But little avork has been accomplished in comparison with the work contemplated. You flatter our poor little bit of work. It is the case all over again of the landed proprietor and the lake.

"This landed proprietor was showing guest over his domain. Everything was fine except the lake. It, indeed, was very small. The guest laughed at

ake? Norsense Ha ha ha! "'Nevertheless,' said the host some what haughtily, 'a man drowned himself in this take last year."

"The guest laughed again. "'Oh, ho!" he said. 'He must have lone that just to flatter you, then."

A Distinguished Catholic Dignitary. Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, arch ishop of Sardis, special representative of the pope at the fourth eucharistic congress recently held at Pittsburg, is eminent both as scholar and diplomat. Born at Gennazzano, a suburb of Rome, in 1836 and educated at the



pontifical seminary. Rome, he at once

entered on a diplomatic career, in which he has distinguished himself. He was created cardinal Dec. 28 1899, but held in pelto-that is, was not proclaimed-until June 23, 1890. Personally be is tall and of rather angular build

He is a younger brother of Cardi nal Serfino Vannutelli, and they have done what was never done before in Roman Catholic annals-brothers have reached the eminence of cardinal bishop of the sacred college.

Watterson a Fine Musician.

It is not known by many, even of 'Marse Henry" Watterson's most intimate friends, that Kentucky's famous editor chose an artistic career when a He was sent to Paris by his father to pursue his musical studies under the masters there and adopted the plano. He declines to play in public, but he can pound as much music out of the plane as the best of them

\$1.30

For The Greenville Journal and America's Greatest Weekly. THE Toledo Blade

Toledo, Ohio.

TREASURER'S NOTICE

TAX-PAYERS OF DARKE COUNTY FOR 1907 TAXES.

In pursuance of Law, I, Daniel Burns, Treasurer of Darke County, State of Ohio, hereby notify the tax-payers thereof that the rates of taxation for the year 1997, are correctly stated in the following tables, showing the number of milis and fractions of milis levied on each dollar of taxable property in the several townships school districts and corporations in said county.

STATE LEVIES.	COUNTY LEVIES.
ing Fund	County Fund Judicial Fund Judicial Fund Juffrmary Fund Building Fund Children's Home Fund Bridge Fund Election Fund Soldiers' Retief Fund Geheral Ditch Fund

Total 1.345 Total							
NAMES OF TOWNSHIPS, SCHOOL DISTRICTS AND CORPORATIONS.	Total State Fund.	Total County Fund.	School and School House Fund.	Township Fund.	City and Corporation Fuse.	Total for All Purposes.	
7/11	M	M	М	M	M	M	
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OFFICE HOURS-From 7:30 a.m. to il: 3 a.m. and from 1:30 to 4:0) p.m., standard time. The remainder of the day is necessary for

DANIEL'BURNS, Treasurer of Darke Co., O. Greenville, Ohio, October 14, 1907.

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